

The Evening World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 11.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage):

PER MONTH \$0.05

PER YEAR \$0.50

VOL. 38. NO. 10, 1480

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second class matter.

OFFICE: 1007 BROADWAY.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

BROOKLYN: 250 FULTON ST. HAILEM.

NEW DEPARTMENT, 150 EAST 15TH ST.

ADVERTISEMENTS AT \$27 PER LINE.

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

115 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON-GIO.

14TH ST.

LONDON OFFICE: 25 COCKSPUR ST. TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

VARIETY PURE AND SIMPLE.

I suppose that Tony Pastor will go down to posterity. Of course he wants to stay where he is for a long time to come, and really doesn't blame him. He has a nice, snug little theatre of his own, marked by a sassy "Tony Pastor" in the busy Fourteenth street and any time he wants the centre of the stage he has only to stand upon his own, and there are none to thwart him.

In fact, my dear friends, Tony Pastor isn't to be sneered at. If he chose to proclaim himself a dramatic light, nobody would dare to deny him that luxury, for he has at least done as much for the stage as Charles H. Holt, Gratton Donnelly and others of the faro-comedy pariahs. The variety performance each week at the little theatre in Fourteenth street is clean, interesting, and like the little boy in the storybook—good in everything. There's no nonsense about it either; no plot to ferret out, no irrelevant touch of melodrama, no bathos, nothing but pure, unadulterated variety.

I attended a scene at Tony Pastor's, last night, and enjoyed it hugely. It was restful, pleasant and healthy. Theatricals inflicted by imported melodramas, the sort produced by perpetual friction with drama, were cured. I can take another look at them now, reinvigorated.

Tony goes to all the trouble in our nature. If the pleasures of childhood have long ago left us, Tony shows us what they were; if there be still a trace of them, Tony kicks them into new life. Last behind a little boy with long golden curls. He is in custody of granddaddy. His joy knew no bounds. His laughter was innocent. He was granddaddy's "crown" jewel.

The old lady's face revealed so clearly was smoothed out, and she giggled like a girl of sixteen. An individual, who must be very dignified in ordinary life, was behind him. His bulk was enormous; his majesty most impressive. Yet when the girl came in, he was perfectly on the floor, or the Japanese juggler slipped on his rod of steel, this adobe person roared until his fat sides shook. He was all alone. He had come to enjoy himself, and if enjoyment can be reckoned by guffaws, he was superlatively happy. I feel sure that when he is alone, he is a different man.

Let me see what there was at Pastor's last night. The first number, I got into about once in a blue moon, and the material seems to be the same, with other names. There were two horizontal bar "artists," Messrs. Kellaw and Alton, who also threw rubber bats at each other, and caught them in all manners of ways.

The second number was named "Mowatt spruce" and was a very good one. It was a story of a man who was a "Mowatt spruce" and was a very good one. It was a story of a man who was a "Mowatt spruce" and was a very good one.

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IN SKIRTS AT WINTER RACES.

Women Gamblers Seen at Clifton and Gutenberg Tracks.

Female Sports With Lots of Nerve and Fat Purries.

Winning and Losing as Coolly as Old Rounders.

Do women follow and bet on the winter as well as the summer races? To satisfy curiosity on this point an Evening World reporter has made observations at the leading tracks near this city. He has kept his eyes and ears open. One blustering day recently he was startled as a sharp-tongued, emphatic sentence fell on his ear.

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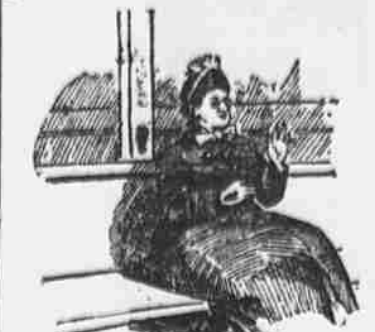
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"guide to the turf." She gets to the track as early as possible and settles her self comfortably in her chair. Her face is the color of old parchment and she wears a faded, an old poke bonnet, a



AN OWNER. Once seated she poses over the day's programme and selects her winner. By means of her horse books and papers she can follow their record back since the first day they ran, and so judge of their chance to win or lose.

Five minutes before the first race is run off she beckons a messenger-boy, and gives him \$10 to bet, \$5 each way, on her selection. She loses invariably. She is known among the other Amazons as "The Mystery." She always travels alone, and among the other women about her, she carries a small black reticule, and this she always has full of money. She has followed the races for years.

A different specimen is Mrs. , the relict of a man who made a fabulous fortune in the city by raising birds. He died five years ago. Since then she has played the races persistently. "It's the only way I can forget dear George," she tells her friends.

Her ill luck on the turf is phenomenal. Once she had \$90 placed on four horses out of six in a race, and the two on which she had a cent came in first and second. She has already squandered a goodly portion of the money which her husband left her. She is a gold mine for the tipsters. She pays them royally for giving her "sure things," although they seldom or never win.

She scrapes acquaintance with the jockeys, and follows them to the paddock in quest of tips. She travels with two or three women whose husbands are well known gamblers in New York. The gamblers' wives have true sporting blood. One of them took to jeweled garters of her limbs at Clifton one day, and sold them for \$10 with which to make a bet in the last race of the day.

She has lost half a thousand before, and put her \$10 on a horse at 40 to 1 and won, going home nearly even in the day, but she did not get her garters back. They adorn the walls of a young bachelor's bedroom.

Some of the women are very lucky and water hundreds of dollars on a race; but most of them are not. One woman, who was a gambler's wife, was seen by the Evening World reporter at Clifton recently. An old dame sat in the front row and watched the races. She had a large money drop down and break his neck in the track. She sat there as if carved in stone. Her thin, bony hands were tightly clasped. She looked bored and weary.

"Oh, I have got to stop playing the races until I learn more money," she said. "I saved \$300 and thought I had a sure chance of winning, but I lost it all. Now I have got to stop playing the races until I learn more money."

There were many expressions of pity as the angrier old Amazon gathered up her things and went home.

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was taken as a tip from Providence. She played (jumpy, and won, too. A familiar figure at Clifton and Gutenberg is a big, coarse-looking woman, who weighs at least 300 pounds. She is a winner, and runs several race-horses herself.

One curious feature about the Amazons is their utter indifference to men. They never pay any attention to them unless spoken to or when they ask for tips or a "bet."

The nerve of these women is sublime. When they go before the last race they will not hesitate to "brace" a man for a loan, whether they know him or not.

If a man is pointed out to them as being a big winner, they boldly introduce themselves, and ask for money or tips or both. There is nothing feminine about these women gamblers, except their clothes.

They call the horses "hosses," and know the jargon peculiar to the race-track by heart. They cannot control their emotions as well as men, though. When the horses are at the post the Amazons stand up and watch the races until they are "off." Then they become excited. The color changes in their faces. They breathe in short, quick gasps. They stand first on one foot, then on the other, continually asking: "Who

will win?" "Will so-and-so win?" "Oh, dear, my horse is last," and then, as the horses come down the homestretch, they jump up in their chairs, yelling and screaming at the jockeys.

"Come on there, Bergen! Whin the devil! Make him win!" "See Braut coming up!" "Look at that!" "Heavens! Prodigal has won it, and I have won!" or lost.

Down they sit again, and make their choice for the next race. Messenger boys, wide-awake looking lads, take their money and place it with the bookmakers, and cash their tickets for them when they win. The boys are generally honest, but once in a while some one of them beats the Amazons.

At Clifton and Gutenberg there are as many women as men every day. An old

touching his humpback for luck, is asked: "Will so-and-so win?" "Oh, dear, my horse is last," and then, as the horses come down the homestretch, they jump up in their chairs, yelling and screaming at the jockeys.

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TRAINMEN AGAIN LEADING.

Passing to the Front, with Harlem Council a Good Second.

Thousands of Votes in the Lodge and Club Contest.

The Trainmen's Relief Association of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad jumps to the front again to-day in the Evening World's Lodge and Club Contest and leads with a vote increased to 6,319, Harlem Council, 211, C. B. L., hangs on to second place, with 5,194.

The Manhattan Club, of Brooklyn, has crowded into third place with 3,805, and the James E. Bailey Association, a rather recent comer, looms up in fourth position with 3,190.

Every reader of THE EVENING WORLD may vote for his or her lodge or club, or the organization to which his or her friend belongs.

THE EVENING WORLD will offer a choice of two prizes for competition among the lodge, club, assembly, council and other civic organizations, whether social, political or labor organizations.

The winner of the prize will be determined by the vote of the Evening World, which receives the largest number of ballots. The Evening World will give in this contest an elegant stand of colors or banner, which will be a valuable possession to the club or lodge room where it is placed.

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